

The Lomond Press

VOL. 2. NO 43

LOMOND, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1918.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

.. LOCALETS ..

THINGS TO REMEMBER—

Registration Day, June 22nd.
Red Cross Social, June 26th.
Enchant Sports, July 1st.
Lomond Fair, Aug. 6 and 7.
That the town pump handle is broken.

Acting-Principal Irwin is presiding over sixteen candidates on the departmental examinations this week.

The Associated Farmers are making arrangements to handle coal. Orders placed for delivery from car subject to a reduction in price.

Miss Rue of the Standard Bank staff is spending her holidays at Nanton, going over with her father on Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Elves are away on a pleasure trip to Banff.

Mr. Wien of the Pioneer Lumber Co. took a little business jaunt through Southern Alberta last week.

George Hedges is trying to finish an addition to his house before it rains.

The U. F. A. membership drive is scheduled to hit Lomond on June 28th. As no local organization has been brought to our notice we are at a loss to announce anything further than four speakers are expected to address the meeting.

Jas. McNaughton, M.L.A., and Mr. Calder, inspector of public works, were in town this week getting a line on the road work necessary around this part of the country. We are told that Midway district gets four thousand dollars to spend for the good of the Fords.

George Salter of Lacombe has purchased the Mrs. Greenwood property on Railway avenue.

An ice cream lawn social will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. V. Couper next Wednesday evening. Refreshments will be served from eight to ten o'clock. The Lomond Band will be in attendance for the entertainment of the crowd. An open invitation is extended to the public.

Mr. and Mrs. Kingbaum were up from the big Cameron Ranch on Sunday calling on Mr. and Mrs. Teskey. Mr. Kingbaum is Mr. Noble's manager on this new farm and reports 13,000 acres broken to date this spring and purpose finishing the remaining 5000 acres.

If you do not receive your Press next issue it will be sufficient proof that the editor has gone to the dogs betting the ice cream on rain.—Cont.

L—The Guardian of the Accolade

By O. HENRY

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NOT the least important of the force of the Weymouth bank was Uncle Bushrod. Sixty years had Uncle Bushrod given of faithful service to the house of Weymouth as chattel, servitor and friend. Of the color of the mahogany bank furniture was Uncle Bushrod—thus dark was he externally; white as the uninked pages of the bank ledgers was his soul. Eminently pleasing to Uncle Bushrod would the comparison have been, for to him the only institution in existence worth considering was the Weymouth bank, of which he was something between porter and generalissimo in charge.

Weymouth lay, dreamy and umbrageous, among the low foothills along the brow of a southern valley. Three banks there were in Weymouthville. Two were hopeless, misguided enterprises, lacking the presence and prestige of a Weymouth to give them glory. The third was the bank, managed by the Weymouths—and Uncle Bushrod.

In the old Weymouth homestead—the red brick, white porticoed mansion, the first to your right as you crossed Elder creek coming into town—lived Mr. Robert Weymouth, the president of the bank; his widowed daughter, Mrs. Vesey, called "Miss Letty" by every one, and her two children, Nan and Guy. There also, in a cottage on the grounds, resided Uncle Bushrod and Aunt Malindy, his wife. Mr. William Weymouth, the cashier of the bank, lived in a modern, fine house on the principal avenue.

Mr. Robert was a large, stout man, sixty-two years of age, with a smooth, plump face, long iron gray hair and fiery blue eyes. He was high tempered, kind and generous, with a youthful smile and a formidable, stern voice that did not always mean what it sounded like. Mr. William was a milder man, correct in deportment and absorbed in business. The Weymouths formed the family of Weymouthville and were looked up to, as was their right of heritage.

Uncle Bushrod was the bank's trusted porter, messenger, vassal and guardian. He carried a key to the vault, just as Mr. Robert and Mr. William did. Sometimes there was ten, fifteen or twenty thousand dollars in sacked silver stacked on the vault floor. It was safe with Uncle Bushrod. He was a Weymouth in heart, honesty and pride.

Of late Uncle Bushrod had not been without worry. It was on account of Marse Robert. For nearly a year Mr. Robert had been known to indulge in too much drink. Not enough, understand, to become tipsy, but the habit was getting a hold upon him, and every one was beginning to notice it. Half a dozen times a day he would leave the bank and step around to the Merchants and Planters' hotel to take a drink. Mr. Robert's unusual keen

judgment and business capacity became a little impaired. Mr. William, a Weymouth, but not so rich in experience, tried to dam the inevitable back flow of the tide, but with incomplete success. The deposits in the Weymouth bank dropped from six figures to five. Past due paper began to accumulate, owing to injudicious loans. No one cared to address Mr. Robert on the subject of temperance. Many of his friends said that the cause of it had been the death of his wife some two years before. Others hesitated on account of Mr. Robert's quick temper, which was extremely apt to resent personal interference of such a nature. Miss Letty and the children noticed the change and grieved about it. Uncle Bushrod also worried, but he was one of those who would not have dared to remonstrate, though he and Marse Robert had been raised almost as companions. But there was a heavier shock coming to Uncle Bushrod than that caused by the bank president's toddies and juleps.

Mr. Robert had a passion for fishing, which he usually indulged whenever the season and business permitted. One day, when reports had been coming in relating to the bass and perch, he announced his intention of making a two or three days' visit to the lakes. He was going down, he said, to Reedy lake with Judge Archibard, an old friend.

Now, Uncle Bushrod was treasurer of the Sons and Daughters of the Turning Bush. Every association he belonged to made him treasurer with out hesitation. He stood A.A.1 in colored circles. He was understood among them to be Mr. Bushrod Weymouth of the Weymouth bank.

The night following the day on which Mr. Robert mentioned his intended fishing trip the old man woke up and rose from his bed at 12 o'clock, declaring he must go down to the bank and fetch the passbook of the Sons and Daughters, which he had forgotten to bring home. The bookkeeper had balanced it for him that day, put the can



Mr. Robert Came Out With a Large Hand Satchel.

.. TRAVERS ..

Among callers from Lomond last week were Mr. and Mrs. Phillips and son, Lawrence, Mrs. Farrell, Miss Ada Farrell, Mrs. Clements and nephew, Mr. and Mrs. Olson, Mr. and Mrs. Williamson and children.

Mrs. Woomer and children were Enchant callers on Friday.

Mrs. Keating has joined her family here and has taken up house-keeping over the bank.

The roads northwest of town are being put into very good condition by the road gang under the supervision of Mr. Creighton.

Mr. and Mrs. Hooker spent Sunday with friends in Lomond.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones from the States are visiting the latter's father, Mr. Dean.

Travers was well represented at the game at Lomond Monday evening. Lomond is expected to play a return game soon.

Mrs. B. F. Hanson arrived last week and is keeping house for her husband and son here.

Champion played a very interesting game here last night. A large crowd attended the game from Lomond, Enchant and Champion. The game was called on account of the Champion pitcher getting knocked out. The score stood 6 to 7 in favor of Travers.

Don't forget Registration Day, June 22nd.

BASE BALL

Base ball is quite a renewed attraction in Lomond since the game on Monday evening between Travers and the home team. It was a good game. The teams were quite evenly matched and only in two innings on a side were scores made. Lang, Lomond's new twirler, stood the test in fairly good shape and was supported well by the balance of the team. Thies pitched a good game for Travers but could not stand 'Fergy's' hot tamalies and blew out in a couple of places when it looked as if he had a cinch over his opponents. The final score was 11-4, Lomond not playing out the last innings.

The Lomond team is making a bid to play at Enchant on July 1st.

The fans have a sneaking notion that the Lomond team can put a wrinkle in Vulcan's gloating hide. At any rate the boys show up pretty well. Games are being arranged with Gleichen, Bassano and Champion, as well as the towns along this line. We like to see the boys getting a little chesty and hope they live up to expectations when they get a chance to meet the Vulcan boys again.

"Lefty" shows hoodles of speed and fairly good control.

Calgary Hustlers play at Vulcan tomorrow afternoon, June 22nd.

Lomond plays at Travers on June 26.

BADGER LAKE

E. G. Haley is home from Calgary for a few days and will return next week for Mrs. Haley, who is convalescent in the Calgary hospital.

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Mr. and Mrs. K. Newinger are the proud parents of a young son.

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The hardy annual school troubles are again making their appearance.

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Everyone is now busy filling in their registration cards.

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Mrs. Trew and Flora Bell, Mrs. B. King, Miss Gooderham, and Mr. and Mrs. R. L. King were Lethbridge visitors on Sunday.

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Local fishermen have not reported any record catches so far.

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Quite a few took in the ball game at Lomond on Monday, Elmer Thompson playing on the Lomond line-up.

Restaurant

Jang How, Prop.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS

Soft Drinks Temperance Beer,
Confectionery, Cigars and Tobacco

Condensed Advs.

FOR SALE

West half of section 15-17-20, 7 miles from Lomond and 3½ miles from Armada, with or without crop. Apply to C. M. Holo, Lomond.

COLT STRAYED

Iron grey gelding yearling, branded **BB**. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of this colt kindly notify E. F. Blake, Lomond.

COLT STRAYED

Bay two-year-old, branded on left jaw (**J**), bald faced. Kindly notify J. LaBlanc, Eyremore P.O.

MILCH COWS FOR SALE

Three good cows, milking, Holstein strain. Apply to L. Thiesmeyer, Armada, P. O.

MILCH COWS FOR SALE

Two fresh cows, good milkers and gentle to handle. Apply to Peter Nord, Sec. 12-15-20.

PIGS FOR SALE

Registered Poland Chinas with papers, eight weeks old. Apply to Harley Wilcox, Armada.

FOR SALE

A good second-hand Chevrolet car for sale, or will exchange for cattle or horses.—R. N. Moir, A. P. Elevator, Lomond.

Plastering!

I am prepared to take on plastering contracts in all branches of the trade. I guarantee a gilt edge, A1, first class job. Prices reasonable. See me before letting out your job.

J. WILLIAMSON,
Lomond.

Remember the
Lomond Fair,
Aug. 6 & 7

"4 X"

Meat Market!

FRESH and CURED MEATS

Highest Prices Paid for
Hides and Poultry.

Neil & Henson
LOMOND

Farm Implements!

We have a complete stock on hand in the well-known
"Cockshutt" Line.

Take a look at our Cream Separators.

DELANEY & ARMSTRONG



The Cleveland Tractor

The "CLEVELAND" is daily demonstrating its rightful claim for attention from tractor men. In other words, it is standing the test in the field. Its motor delivers power in excess of that to which it is rated and uses the cheapest fuel—kerosene. Come and see it work.

W. H. SMITH

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

LOMOND

The Price of Coal for 1918 is Fixed
\$4.50 per ton \$4.50

The LONG BURN—STRONG BURN—CLEAN BURN—
and MOST FOR YOUR MONEY

Road from the mine is kept always in good condition. Teams promptly loaded. Accommodation overnight for horses and men. Special terms made to deliver coal at the home.

PRAIRIE COAL COMPANY, LTD.

BOW CITY COAL MINE

C. R. WESTGATE,
Manager.

PHONE: Bow City.
P. O.: Eyremore.



THE STANDARD BANK

OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

Your surplus earnings in our
Savings Department earn interest at current rate.

236

LOMOND BRANCH

C. H. ST. JOHN,

Manager.



Style-Craft
TAILORED CLOTHES



Style-Craft
TAILORED CLOTHES

LET the tailored evidence and the better lines to "Style-Craft" tailoring mark your get-up from the common. The service offered here in this better line of men's wear equals any of the city shops---and at a saving in cash.

A Bargain

Genuine split bamboo hats, newer and smarter than straws, come only in fedora shapes, worth \$2.50 for \$1.75



Style-Craft
TAILORED CLOTHES



Style-Craft
TAILORED CLOTHES

The Frank Brown Co., Ltd.

Amethyst Red Cross

Say, you ought to have been there. Where? Why to the Amethyst Red Cross dance and sale May 24th. You who were not there missed the time of your life—Oh! such a good time, and abundance of refreshments, too. We take this opportunity of thanking all who so liberally assisted to make this undertaking a success. The proceeds were as follows:

Donations from those who could not attend—

J. J. Moss.....	\$ 5.00
Messrs. Valentine and Geyer	5.00
S. P. Johnson.....	1.50
Harry Pedrick.....	1.50
Mrs. Anderberg.....	1.50
Frank Thomas.....	1.50
Mr. Carrington.....	3.00
Mrs. Sandy.....	1.00
D. H. Ryall.....	1.50
W. Carruthers.....	1.50
J. J. Murphy.....	1.50
A. R. Morgan.....	1.50

Receipts on articles donated for sale.....	23.00
Raffle of cake.....	5.85
Dance receipts.....	71.70

Total.....\$126.55

On June 13th. the Amethyst Red Cross Society met at the home of Mrs. Gould. The majority of the members were present. Three new members united with the society. One hundred and forty-one articles of work were completed, as follows: 14 pillow cases, 12 binders, 12 T bandages, 12 P.P. bags, 12 hot water bottle covers, 12 stretcher caps, 67 handkerchiefs. These are ready and will be shipped to the central office in Calgary by the first train.

On Thursday next, June 27th., the

regular meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. S. P. Somerville. All interested invited.

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The Kaiser told Ambassador Gerard that "America had better look out after the war." Well, we will not wait until after the war. We will help our boys in uniform. "Look out" now, so that the Kaiser won't have a "look in." So, come out, all of you, to the next meeting.

The following subscriptions to the Methodist Church, Lomond, were not acknowledged in the church report, they having inadvertently been con-

fused with subscriptions totalling the same that belonged to this year's report:—A. Clanfield \$5.00, Wm. Bensen. \$5.00, A Friend \$5.00.

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O. K. Nelson of Enchant was a business visitor in Lomond on Monday.

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It would be foolish to minimize the seriousness of the drought affecting Southern Alberta and a large area of Western Canada. The dryness has been aggravated by a series of hot winds that have practically ruined everything but summerfallow

and new breaking. Districts other than this have fared far worse than we, in many instances, for around Lomond we have a fighting chance of good yields yet, in spite of what has already happened. Rain within the next week would catch the most of the crops and assure a good average yield. Now that rains are reported in many parts of Saskatchewan and in northern Alberta we may look forward with hope to what the future holds in store for us.

Money to Loan

On Improved Farm Land.

Interest at 8 per cent. per annum.

The Lomond Realty Company

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Joint Managers

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The Lomond Press

LOMOND, ALBERTA.

Published Every Friday.
Advertising Rates on Application.

RAE L. KING, PROP

LOMOND, ALBERTA, JUNE 21, 1918

NOTES

The U. F. A. has started a membership drive, an account of the local program will be seen on another page. If any thing deserves support from the class of people for which an organization is founded, it is the U.F.A. If farmers ever hope to improve their position as a class they must first realize the necessity of union and educational advancement. They must momentarily overlook the money side of the issue until they as an organization have evolved some definite program and are in a position to back up the issue. Right now the farmer's greatest enemy is himself. He resents most anything, everything and everybody. He is suspicious of everybody and contends that the 'other fellow' is continually getting the best end of the bargain. What is really necessary is better education, more reading, more tra-

vel and better business management. Primarily the farmer as a class is a stranger to business management. It is not a weakness, but is merely due to the fact that it is not taught in the schools. The result is that average farmer would rather risk the integrity of a 'business' man than acknowledge his own ignorance or be bothered with intricate formalities. Education would greatly remedy this. Farmers have a wonderful future before them if they but awake to the possibilities. They can control both the wealth and the markets of the land; but they must prepare themselves through a process of evolution to command the power which will some day justly be theirs.

Lomond Fair, Aug. 6 and 7.
Enchant Sports, July 1st.

Get the Famous

"Maltum" Beer

from

Dad Cox

Plymouth Twine

550 ft. to the pound.

Make sure of your twine supply. Orders taken now. Price, 27½ cents. Delivery guaranteed July 25th.

Associated Farmers, Ltd.

H. C. FICHT, General Manager

Binder Repairs!

Look over your old machine. Pick out the broken parts, and where possible get the number. bring them in to us. We will do the rest. Our desire is to give you the best possible service. Your attention to the above request will greatly assist us in this matter. Do it now!

Twine!

We are again in the market with "DEERING STANDARD". 60,000 lbs. sold last year without a complaint. What better recommendation do you want?

Drop in and lease your order for this season's requirements.

Kaustine Toilets

We are agents for "KAUSTINE TOILETS." Require no water or sewer. Odorless. Sanitary. Will last a lifetime. Strongly recommended for the home or the school.

Easy to buy, install and operate.

Axelson & Williamson

I. H. C. AGENTS

LOMOND, ALTA.

celed checks in it and snapped two elastic bands around it. He put but one band around other passbooks.

Aunt Malindy objected to the mission at so late an hour, denouncing it as foolish and unnecessary, but Uncle Bushrod was not to be deflected from duty.

"I done told Sister Adaline Hoskins," he said, "to come by here for dat book tomorrer mawnu' at sebin o'clock to to kyar' it to de meetin' of de bo' of 'rangements, and dat book gwine to be here when she come."

So Uncle Bushrod put on his old brown suit, got his thick hickory stick and meandered through the almost deserted streets of Weymouthville. He entered the bank, unlocking the side door, and found the passbook where he had left it, in the little back room used for private consultations, where he always hung his coat. Looking about casually he saw that everything was as he had left it, and was about to start for home when he was brought to a standstill by the sudden rattle of a key in the front door. Some one came quickly in, closed the door softly, and entered the counting room through the door in the iron railing.

That division of the bank's space was connected with the back room by a narrow passageway, now in deep darkness.

Uncle Bushrod, firmly gripping his hickory stick, tiptoed gently up this passage until he could see the mid night intruder into the sacred precinct of the Weymouth bank. One dim gas jet burned there, but even in its nebulous light he perceived at once that the prowler was the bank's president.

Wondering, fearful, undecided what to do, the old colored man stood motionless in the gloomy strip of hallway and waited developments.

The vault, with its big iron door, was opposite him. Inside that was the safe, holding the papers of value, the gold and currency of the bank. On the floor of the vault was, perhaps \$8,000 in silver.

The president took his key from his pocket, opened the vault and went inside, nearly closing the door behind him. Uncle Bushrod saw through the narrow aperture the flicker of a candle in a minute or two—it seemed an hour to the watcher—Mr. Robert came out bringing with him a large hand satchel and holding it in a careful but hurried manner, as if fearful that he might be observed. With one hand he closed and locked the vault door.

With a reluctant theory forming itself beneath his wool Uncle Bushrod waited and watched, shaking in his concealing shadow.

Mr. Robert set the satchel softly upon a desk and turned his coat collar up about his neck and ears. He was dressed in a rough suit of gray as if for traveling. He glanced with frowning intentness at the big office clock above the burning gas jet and then looked lingeringly about the bank—lingeringly and fondly, Uncle Bushrod thought, as one who bids farewell to dear and familiar scenes.

Now he caught up his burden again and moved promptly and softly out of the bank by the way he had come, locking the front door behind him.

For a minute or longer Uncle Bushrod was as stone in his tracks. Had that midnight rider of safes and vaults been any other on earth than the man he was the old retainer would have rushed upon him and struck to save the Weymouth property. But now the watcher's soul was tortured by the poignant dread of something worse than mere robbery. He was seized by an accusing terror that said the Weymouth name and the Weymouth honor were about to be lost. Marse Robert robbing the bank! What else could it mean? The hour of the night, the stealthy visit to the vault, the satchel brought forth full and with expedition and silence, the prowler's rough dress, his solicitous reading of the clock and

noiseless departure—what else could it mean?

And then to the turmoil of Uncle Bushrod's thoughts came the corroborating recollection of preceding events—Mr. Robert's increasing intemperance and consequent many moods of royal high spirits and stern tempers; the casual talk he had heard in the bank of the decrease in business and difficulty in collecting loans. What else could it all mean but that Robert Weymouth was an absconder—was about to fly with the bank's remaining funds, leaving Mr. William, Miss Letty, little Nan, Guy and Uncle Bushrod to bear the disgrace?

During one minute Uncle Bushrod considered these things, and then he awoke to sudden determination and action.

"Lawd, Lawd!" he moaned aloud as he hobbled hastily toward the side door. "Sech a comeoff after all dese here years of big doin's and fine doin's. Scan'lous sights upon de yearth when de Weymouth fambly done turn out robbers and 'bezzlers! Time for Uncle Bushrod to clean out somebody's chicken coop and eben matters up. Oh, Lawd! Marse Robert, you ain't gwine do dat. 'N Miss Letty an' dem chillun so proud and talkin' 'Weymouth, Weymouth,' all de time! I'm gwine to stop you ef I can. 'Spec you shoot Mr. Nigger's head off ef he fool wid you, but I'm gwine stop you ef I can."

Uncle Bushrod, aided by his hickory stick, impeded by his rheumatism, hurried down the street toward the railroad station, where the two lines touching Weymouthville met. As he had expected and feared, he saw there Mr. Robert standing in the shadow of the building waiting for the train. He held the satchel in his hand.

When Uncle Bushrod came within twenty yards of the bank president, standing like a huge, gray ghost by the station wall, sudden perturbation seized him. The rashness and audacity of the thing he had come to do struck him fully. He would have been happy could he have turned and fled from the possibilities of the famous Weymouth wrath. But again he saw, in his fancy, the white, reproachful face of Miss Letty and the distressed looks of Nan and Guy should he fail in his duty and they question him as to his stewardship.

Braced by the thought, he approached in a straight line, clearing his throat and pounding with his stick so that he might be early recognized. Thus he might avoid the likely danger of too suddenly surprising the sometimes hasty Mr. Robert.

"Is that you, Bushrod?" called the clamant, clear voice of the gray ghost.

"Yes, suh, Marse Robert."

"What the devil are you doing out at this time of night?"

For the first time in his life Uncle Bushrod told Marse Robert a falsehood. He could not repress it. He would have to circumlocute a little. His nerve was not equal to a direct attack.

"I done been down, suh, to see ole Aunt M'ria Patterson. She taken sick in de night, and I kyar'd her a bottle of M'lindy's medecine. Yes, suh."

"Humph!" said Robert. "You better get home out of the night air. It's damp. You'll hardly be worth killing tomorrow on account of your rheumatism. Think it'll be a clear day, Bushrod?"

"I 'low it will, suh. De sun sot red las' night."

Mr. Robert lit a cigar in the shadow, and the smoke looked like his gray ghost expanding and escaping into the night air. Somehow Uncle Bushrod could barely force his reluctant tongue to the dreadful subject. He stood, awkward, shambling, with his feet upon the gravel and fumbling with his stick. But then, afar off—three miles away, at the Jimtown switch—he heard the faint whistle of the coming train, the one that was to transport the Weymouth name into the regions of dis-

honor and shame. All fear left him. He took off his hat and faced the chief of the clan he served, the great, royal, kind, lofty, terrible Weymouth. He bearded him there at the brink of the awful thing that was about to happen.

"Marse Robert," he began, his voice quivering a little with the stress of his feelings, "you 'member de day dey all rode de tournament at Oak Lawn—de day, suh, dat you win in de ridin' and you crown Miss Lucy de queen?"

"Tournament?" said Mr. Robert, taking his cigar from his mouth. "Yes, I remember very well the—but what the deuce are you talking about tournaments here at midnight for? Go 'long home, Bushrod. I believe you're sleep walkin'."

"Miss Lucy tetch you on de shoulder," continued the old man, never heeding, "wid a s'ord and say: 'I mek you a knight, Suh Robert. Rise up, pure and fearless and widout reproach.' Dat what Miss Lucy say. Dat's been a long time ago, but me nor you ain't forgot it. And den dar's another time we ain't forgot—de time when Miss Lucy lay on her las' bed. She sent for Uncle Bushrod, and she say: 'Uncle Bushrod, when I die I want you to take good care of Mr. Robert. Seem like—so Miss Lucy say—he listen to you mo' dan to anybody else. He apt to be mighty fractious sometimes, and maybe he cuss you when you try to 'suade him, but he need somebody what understand him to be round wid him. He am like a little child sometimes—so Miss Lucy say, wid her eyes shinin' in her po', thin face—but he always been—dem was her words—my knight, pure and fearless and widout reproach.'"

Mr. Robert began to mask, as was his habit, a tendency to softheartedness with a spurious anger.

"You—you old windbag!" he growled through a cloud of swirling cigar

smoke. "I believe you are crazy. I told you to go home, Bushrod. Miss Lucy said that, did she? Well, we haven't kept the escutcheon very clear. Two years ago last week, wasn't it, Bushrod, when she died? Confound it! Are you going to stand there all night gabbling like a coffee colored gander?"

The train whistled again. Now it was at the water tank, a mile away.

"Marse Robert," said Uncle Bushrod, laying his hand on the satchel that the banker held; "for Gawd's sake don't take dis wid you. I knows what's in it. I knows where you got it in de bank. Don' kyar' it wid you. Dey's big trouble in dat valise for Miss Lucy and Miss Lucy's child's chillun. Hit's bound to destroy de name of Weymouth and bow down dem dat own it wid shame and tribulation. Marse Robert, you can kill dis ole nigger ef you will, but don't take away dis 'er valise. If I ever crosses over de Jordan what I gwine to say to Miss Lucy when she ax me, 'Uncle Bushrod, wharfo' didn' you take good care of Mr. Robert?'"

Robert Weymouth threw away his cigar and shook free one arm with that peculiar gesture that always preceded his outbursts of irascibility. Uncle Bushrod bowed his head to the expected storm, but he did not flinch. If the house of Weymouth was to fall he would fall with it. The banker spoke, and Uncle Bushrod blinked with surprise. The storm was there, but it was suppressed to the quietness of a summer breeze.

"Bushrod," said Mr. Robert in a lower voice than he usually employed, "you have overstepped all bounds. You have presumed upon the leniency with which you have been treated to meddle unpardonably. So you know what is in this satchel? Your long

Speaking of Insurance

Look up the Rating of the following Companies:

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The Acadia, The Western, Globe & Rutgers, Providence, Washington, Fireman's Fund, and the Winnipeg Fire.

For Live Stock

The General Animal.

For Hail

The Excess, The United, and the Winnipeg Fire Underwriters Agency.

Also a Speedy Sale of Your Land. Give Your Listings to---

C. B. Shimp Land Co.
LOMOND and VULCAN

and faithful service is some excuse, but—go home, Bushrod—not another word!”

But Bushrod grasped the satchel with a firmer hand. The headlight of the train was now lightening the shadows about the station. The roar was increasing, and folks were stirring about at the track side.

“Marse Robert, gimme dis ‘er valise. I got a right, sub, to talk to you dis ‘er way. I slaved for you and ‘tended to you from a child up. I went th’ough de war yo’ body servant tell we whipped de Yankees and sent ‘em back to de no’th. I was at yo’ weddin’, and I was n’ fur away when yo’ Miss Letty was bawn. And Miss Letty’s chillun,



“Gimme dis valise, Marse Robert—I’m gwine to hab it.”

dey watches today for Uncle Bushrod when he come home ever’ evenin’. I been a Weymouth, all ‘cept in color and entitlements. Both of us is old, Marse Robert. ‘Tain’t goin’ to be long tell we gwine to see Miss Lucy and has to give an account of our doin’s. De ole nigger man won’t be ‘spected to say much mo’ dan he done all he could by de fambly dat owned him. But de Weymouths, dey must say dey been livin’ pure and fearless and without reproach. Gimme dis valise, Marse Robert—I’m gwine to hab it. I’m gwine to take it back to de bank and lock it up in de vault. I’m gwine to do Miss Lucy’s biddin’. Turn ‘er loose, Marse Robert.”

The train was standing at the station. Some men were pushing trucks along the side. Two or three sleepy passengers got off and wandered away into the night. The conductor stepped to the gravel, swung his lantern and called: “Hello, Frank!” at some one invisible. The bell clanged, the brakes hissed, the conductor drawled: “All aboard!”

Mr. Robert released his hold on the satchel. Uncle Bushrod hugged it to his breast with both arms, as a lover clasps his first beloved.

“Take it back with you, Bushrod,” said Mr. Robert, thrusting his hands into his pockets. “And let the subject drop—now mind! You’ve said quite enough. I’m going to take this train. Tell Mr. William I will be back on Saturday. Good night.”

The banker climbed the steps of the moving train and disappeared in a coach. Uncle Bushrod stood motionless, still embracing the precious satchel. His eyes were closed and his lips were moving in thanks to the Master above for the salvation of the Weymouth honor. He knew Mr. Robert would return when he said he would. The Weymouths never lied. Nor now, thank the Lord, could it be said that they embezzled the money in banks.

The McLaughlin

The Canadian Car for Canadian People

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CALL ON THE LOMOND DEALER FOR A DEMONSTRATION

Frank Wilson - Lomond



HERE IS THE DAY YOU REGISTER

ON June 22nd, Saturday, every man and woman, resident in Canada, who is 16 years and over, must attend at one of the places provided for registration, between the hours of 7 a.m. and 10 p.m., and there truthfully answer all the questions set forth upon the registration card. Upon signing the card, vouching for the accuracy of the answers, the man or woman will receive a Registration Certificate, as shown below, which must be carried upon the person thereafter.

Why the Certificate is so Important

For failure to register a maximum fine of \$100 and one month's imprisonment is provided, also an added penalty of \$10 for each day the person remains unregistered after June 22nd.

Persons remaining unregistered cannot lawfully be employed, and cannot draw wages for work done after June 22nd. Employers who keep unregistered persons in their employ will be liable for fines equal in amount to those recoverable from the unregistered employees.

Unregistered persons cannot lawfully purchase transportation tickets, and may find themselves

barred from travelling on railroads, steamboats, etc. Similarly they may be denied board and lodging at any hotel, restaurant, public house or boarding house.

In a word—All persons remaining unregistered, and all persons having dealings with unregistered persons, knowing them to be such, incur heavy penalties under the law.

REGISTRATION IS LAW—
Don't Fail to Register.

This Certificate is YOUR Protection.
Get it and Carry it



Then awake to the necessity for further guardianship of Weymouth trust funds, the old man started for the bank with the redeemed satchel.

Three hours from Weymouthville, in the gray dawn, Mr. Robert alighted from the train at a lonely flag station. Dimly he could see the figure of a man waiting on the platform, and the shape of a spring wagon, team and driver. Half a dozen lengthy bamboo fishing poles projected from the wagon's rear.

"You're here, Bob," said Judge Archinard, Mr. Robert's old friend and schoolmate. "It's going to be a royal day for fishing. I thought you said—why, didn't you bring along the stuff?"

The president of the Weymouth bank took off his hat and rumbled his gray locks.

"Well, Ben, to tell you the truth, there's an infernally presumptuous old nigger belonging in my family that broke up the arrangement. He came down to the depot and vetoed the whole proceeding. He means all right, and—well, I reckon he is right. Somehow he had found out what I had along, though I hid it in the bank vault and sneaked it out at midnight. I reckon he has noticed that I've been indulging a little more than a gentleman should, and he laid for me with some reaching arguments.

"I'm going to quit drinking," Mr. Robert concluded. "I've come to the conclusion that a man can't keep it up and be quite what he'd like to be—'pure and fearless and without reproach'—that's the way old Bushrod quoted it."

"Well, I'll have to admit," said the judge thoughtfully as they climbed into the wagon, "that the old darkey's argument can't conscientiously be overruled."

"Still," said Mr. Robert, with a ghost of a sigh, "there was two quarts of the finest old silk velvet Bourbon in that satchel you ever wet your lips with."

Salted Herrings.

Centuries ago William Buckels, a fisherman of Blerwich, made the then astonishing discovery that salt would preserve fish and that salted fish could be packed and exported. Before his time herrings had to be consumed within a few days of their capture. Buckels salted them. In 1386 William Buckels salted the first hundred of herrings, and, having salted them, he packed them in barrels. This exercise of common sense resulted in a singular development of the resources of the country. The English fisheries were not as prominent 500 years ago as they are now, and Holland had for a time almost a monopoly of a market which she was able to create and to supply. Buckels had not to wait 500 years to have his claim to public gratitude recognized. Charles V. had a statue erected to the mackerel salter who became the benefactor of his country. Queen Mary of Hungary, however, paid him even greater honor. During her residence in Holland she discovered his tomb and, seated upon it, ate a salted herring.

Smelting in Bulacan.

A primitive iron smelting industry, evidently of Chinese origin, exists in Bulacan, a province of the island of Luzon. Magnetite and hematite ores, found in the locality, are smelted by the natives in small bamboo cased blast furnaces of soft clay bricks set in clay, each furnace being seven and one-half feet high and five feet in external diameter, with a conical inner cavity, tapering from forty to twenty inches. The furnace has a single clay tuyere and a Chinese double acting hand blower made from a hollow tree trunk and fitted with a feather packed wooden piston. An average charge is fifty-five pounds of ore and ninety-five of charcoal, no flux being used. The iron made is cast directly into molds for plowshares and plow points, and the product of a furnace is about 500 pounds of castings daily.

A Wonderful Island.

White Island, thirty miles distant from New Zealand, is probably the most extraordinary island in the world. It is an enormous mass of rock nearly three miles in circumference, rising 900 feet above the sea, and is perpetually enveloped in dark clouds, which are visible for nearly 100 miles.

The island consists almost entirely of sulphur, with a small percentage of gypsum. Some years ago an attempt was made to float a company to work the sulphur, which is of high quality; but, strange to say, sufficient capital was not subscribed. Therefore, the export of sulphur from White Island is still very small.

In the interior is a lake fully fifty acres in extent, the water of which has a temperature of 110 degrees Fahrenheit, and is strongly impregnated with acids. On one side of this lake are craters from which steam escapes with great force and noise. This steam and the vapor from the lake form the dark cloud which envelops the island.—Tit-Bits.

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Leaf Ledger

Supplies at *The Press*



What Will You Do For Help?

FARM help is scarce, but this condition can be relieved to a marked degree by using machines that accomplish more work in a given time with less man power.

Why should the farmer cling to horses—a slow, expensive means of power—when every other business is adopting the truck and thereby reducing the cost of hauling, speeding up deliveries, and saving for human needs the food that the horses would otherwise consume?

The motor driven truck can work constantly at maximum load under the burning summer sun, or in the coldest weather. Unlike the horse it needs no rests while working, it eats only while in actual use, and when the day's work is done it requires very little attention, and leaves you free for other "Chores" about the place. Then, it can be housed in one-quarter the space of the horses, wagon and harness it replaces.

It is a mistaken idea that a truck is useful only for driving upon paved roads. The Ford can be driven all over the farm, and used for hauling grain, potatoes, fruit, roots, fertilizer, wood, stock, milk or any other product. The speed it travels, the time it saves, and its low upkeep cost appeal very strongly to all users of the Ford Truck. If you need help, order your Ford One Ton Truck today.

All prices subject to war tax charges, except trucks and chassis

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THE UNIVERSAL CAR

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Runabout . . . 575

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The "SAMSON" Tractor Massey-Harris Implements



W. A. TESKEY

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LOMOND DISTRICT

Who will second a motion to fire the weather man? If rain does not appear within a week or ten days, and if the heat of the past week continues, the wheat will not be worth cutting.

Word received here from Jim Stark, of a wireless station near Toronto, is to the effect that he will soon be moved over to the trenches in France.

There is some comment over the recent ball game in town. Bob Plunkett still argues that his nntiring rooting gave the home team such a majority. We expect that Bobby will soon be a paid singer.

Last Tuesday week while Mrs. Gordon Elliott and children were driving to town the horse fell, pitching the children over the dashboard and down beside the fallen horse. What might have been a fatality, resulted only in the occupants sustaining a few bad bruises.

On the evening of the 13th. friends of Bill Keeler assembled at the home of Adolf Blank to bid farewell to Bill, who left for camp the following day. A few presents were given and all were sorry when the pleasant evening drew to a close. Bill was known as a hard worker and a man with a big heart and his friends will miss his cheery spirit. He is connected with the Royal Engineers.

RED CROSS NOTES

The Burnetta Ladies' Aid Society donated to the Red Cross Society the sum of \$22.30, which at their request has been sent to head office, Calgary, to be used for the soldiers' comforts where most needed.

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June contributions:-- Mrs. Mitchell, Travers, May and June, \$4.00; Mrs. St. John, Lomond, June and July, \$5.00; Mr. Greig, for dance, \$1.70; Mrs. D. Williams, \$1.00.

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The various and numerous Red Cross organizations contributory to Lomond may be interested to know of the special class inserted in the Lomond Fair prize list offering a total of thirty dollars in cash awards. Copies of the prize will be mailed to the secretary of any branch on receipt of a postal card requesting same.

Dollar for Dollar!

While ~~the~~ Press may not be all that we or our subscribers could desire in a standard of excellence, we believe it is good value at a dollar a year. It is contrary to postal rules to carry subscribers who are more than a year in arrears. Are you paid up?

Boot Special

Only 32 pairs Men's Tan Elk, single sole---special value at - - - - - \$4.00

If you have sore feet call and get a pair of work boots made on Dr. Munson's United States Army Last.

Congoleum Rugs

A large number of patterns and sizes to select from.

Men's and Boys' Suits

In Blue Serge, Worsted and Tweeds - at Reasonable Prices.

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